

791
K589a2

**An All-American
Pageant for the
Recognition of the
Republic of Ireland**

Price 25 Cents

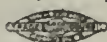
MRS. W. A. KING

An All-American Pageant for the Recognition of the Republic of Ireland

(SECOND EDITION)

Written for the
Commodore Jack Barry Council of the A. A. R. I. R.
by its President, Mrs. W. A. King

PUBLISHED BY
COLUMBIAN PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO.
COLUMBUS, OHIO



DEDICATION

To my friend, Miss Mary MacSwiney, brave, brilliant and illustrious daughter of the Republic of Ireland, this little work of mine is affectionately dedicated.

FOREWORD

Awakened the other night, by a vivid and terrifying memory dream of my experiences in Galway (September 8th, 1920), I was unable to resume sleep. I heard the clock in the nearby Congregational Church tower strike three, the hour when the savage Black-and-Tans are doing their deadliest work among the suffering inhabitants of Ireland; thought groped frantically for some way to help this brave and tortured people. Presently I heard the bells in the church next door chiming the morning Angelus. The pageant that follows had, in the interim, passed in detail before my mind's eye.

To do any good for Ireland, it must reach my fellow Americans promptly, and so I send it forth in all possible haste, letting my eagerness apologize for its shortcoming.

MRS. W. A. KING.

Irononton, O., March 7, 1921.

(COPYRIGHT APPLIED FOR)

791
K589a2

MRS. W. A. KING, AS MISS REPUBLIC OF IRELAND

March 28, 1923.

L. COFF



Miss Republic of Ireland to Uncle Sam—O just power among the nations, have the bravery to call me by my right name, and it will give me strength and aid beyond your believing! Scene II.

unacc.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Appearing in the Initial Performance of This Pageant, Orpheum
Theatre, Ironton, Ohio, March 17, 1921

Prologue.....	Alice Hart Sechlar
Goddess of Liberty.....	Anne Loder
Donal O'Callaghan, Lord Mayor of Cork.....	Lee O'Leary
Secretary of State....	Leo Mulligan
Secretary of Labor.....	Bert Cohen
Republic of Ireland.....	Mrs. W. A. King
Little Jack Tory.....	Joseph Watters
Columbia.....	Catherine Cecilia Massie
John Bull.....	Bill Schachleiter
Women Relatives of the Boston Tea Party Men—	
Mother.....	Mrs Michael Kinney
Wife.....	Mary Alice Smith
Sister.....	Florence V. Ferrie
Mrs. Benjamin Franklin.....	Ethel Goodman Foster
Mrs. Samuel Adams.....	Elizabeth F. Burke
Mrs. John Hancock.....	Ruth Cloran
Reading—"Paul Revere's Ride".....	Lucille Murray
Ethan Allen's daughter.....	Mildred McCarthy
Relatives of the "Minute Men"—	
Mother.....	Mrs. Henry B. Goldcamp
Wife	Genevieve Gallagher
Sister	Agnes Gorman
Victim	Helen Cloran
Invalid Victim	Margaret Lutz
Mrs. James Madison.....	Mary Rooney
Mrs. Thomas Jefferson.....	Anne B. O'Leary
Reading—"Liberty Bell".....	Philippa Jefferys
Mrs. John Adams.....	Mary O'Neill
Mrs. George Washington.....	Gertrude McMahon
Republic of France.....	Katherine Eisele
Spirit of the Red Cross.....	Mrs. W. H. Crawford
Little Angel, White Cross.....	Christine Klein
Reading—"Atrocities of Ireland".....	Helena O'Leary
Uncle Sam.....	Charles Cloran
The Yanks	
Edward Smith, Hilliard Weiler, Leo Brumberg, James Campbell, Julius Brumberg, P. A. Burke, Bert Cohen, Bill Schachleiter, Lee O'Leary, Charles L. Collett.	
Spirit of the Dead "Boys".....	Edward Rist
Train Bearers—Children of All Nations.....	
.....Alberta Schachleiter, Virginia Rogers, Rowena Edelson, James Mayne, Margaret Eisele, William Thomas Cloran	
Pianist	Elizabeth Branigan

The American Pageant

SCENE I.

LIBERTY in left center of stage.

Enter DONAL O'CALLAGHAN, Lord Mayor of Cork, who stealthily makes his way to the GODDESS OF LIBERTY and clings to her. To the right.

Enter SECRETARY OF STATE and SECRETARY OF LABOR.

They look toward the figure of the exile and begin talking seriously together. Business of showing favor and kindness to exile when JACK TORY, grandson of John Bull, quietly makes his way to the two men and, unnoticed by them, stands between them. Business, then, of looking unfavorably upon the exile.

Jack Tory shakes his head and smiles.

The two men beckon exile away from LIBERTY; hand him seaman's card of departure and beckon him to go.

JACK TORY, satisfied, withdraws.

DONAL O'CALLAGHAN, passing off stage, looks back to LIBERTY and is met by MISS IRISH REPUBLIC.

Enter MISS IRISH REPUBLIC. Embraces her son.

MISS I. R.—Will they not let you stay, my son?

LORD MAYOR OF CORK—They have not yet made final decision. At this point JOHN BULL walks quietly around the stage, glowering at them.

MISS I. R.—Fear him not, son. Though he deprive you of justice here and of mercy "Over There," know "the valiant never taste of death but once," remember the great valor of thy predecessor and his exalted prayer.

DONAL O'CALLAGHAN—I do remember.

DONAL O'CALLAGHAN retreats, looking back at LIBERTY, who shows signs of distress.

MISS I. R.—Go then, my son, he cannot harm thee. Soliloquizes. He goes, he goes to certain death! Well may his predecessor, my glorious son, have prayed "teach us how to die." (Beginning with the prayer of her martyred son, Terence MacSwiney.)

God, we enter our last fight;
Thou dost see our cause is right;
Make us march now in Thy sight
On to victory.
Let us not Thy wrath deserve
In the sacred cause we serve;
Let us not from danger swerve;
Teach us how to die.
Death for some is in reserve
Before our flag can fly.

Alone! Alone! Alone! Is there no one to befriend me; I who have befriended so many?

LIBERTY—Be brave of heart, my daughter; there is one who will hear thy story. She comes. Be of good cheer.
Sound of song, "Oh, Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean!"

Enter MISS COLUMBIA and train-bearers, the children of all nations. Each child is busily engaged in holding her train, except JACK TORY, who keeps dropping it and stepping on it. This halts a little Miss Columbia's onward march.

MISS COLUMBIA takes her place to the left of LIBERTY.

TRAIN-BEARERS retreat, except JACK TORY, who keeps watching and listening. Goes to side of stage, takes hold of extended hand of John Bull.

MISS I. R.—Do you not know me?

MISS COLUMBIA—No, I do not.

MISS I. R.—I am the Republic of Ireland.

MISS COLUMBIA—I have never heard of you.

MISS I. R.—Have never heard of me?

MISS COLUMBIA—No, I have heard of Ireland as a British colony.

MISS I. R.—I am not that. I never was nor never will be that. For 750 years I have fought against the name. Why call me British colony? I that was old in civilization and nationhood while Britain hordes were yet untamed. Know that to my ancient universities flocked the scholars of all Europe to learn of me in science, in law, in art, in music, in literature and in religion. You call me British colony—my proud spirit never stooped so low! My seagirt country is small, 'tis true, but the role my children have played in civilization's history is great indeed—for my nationhood is an ancient and honorable one—brilliant in learning, unsoiled by crime. Even in Pagan times my Brehon code led other nations of the world in laws marked with mercy and with justice, and when that code was revised to meet the requirements of Christian teaching very slight the changes needed, so pure and so lofty the native moral sense of my people.

Mark well, O, Columbia! this fact. My Pagan children formed the ONLY nation in the world to accept the full teachings of Christianity without the shedding of a single drop of blood. This in itself lent radiant glory to my escutcheon which has not faded through all the suffering centuries since first the tyrant set heel upon my shore. Conscious ever of this, their high singularity, my brave sons in every generation have felt their right to reassert Ireland's place among the nations, but the tyrant's might outdoes their right and the exalted valor of my sons cannot match the invader's cruelty and cunning.

Falsehood, deceit, robbery and death stalk with him over my green isle, and his despotism has ever been on the increase until, in this day, he has become twenty Neros wrapped in one. He burns my towns and cities—he destroys my commerce—he strangles all industrial progress—he tortures, slays, yea, he butchers my men, my women, and children. And while he does these deeds in Ireland, he turns a holy face unto the outside world, hypocritically bemoaning the sad fate of other small oppressed nations. With blood-dripping hands he throttles the cable lest the appalling story of his own crime rouse all humanity to righteous wrath.

MISS COLUMBIA shows signs of interest.

JOHN BULL walks close behind her and her manner changes.

MISS COLUMBIA—I have no proof of your story and it is very incredible. I have heard from a reliable source—that is, my Public Press—that the Irish people are ignorant, cowardly and quarrelsome, totally unfit to govern themselves.

John Bull, showing signs of great satisfaction, walks off stage.

MISS I. R.—(Looking appealingly at Liberty.) She does not know me. She does not believe my story.

LIBERTY—Wait; we shall summon the truthful spirits of the dead. Their prescient power knows your story as it is. They will awaken memories and through them Columbia will believe.

Enter WOMEN OF REVOLUTION and of 1812.

MISS I. R.—(Eagerly questions them). Do you know me?

MRS. GEO. WASHINGTON—Ah! We know you well. We call you by your newest and best name—(chorus loudly)—the REPUBLIC OF IRELAND.

MISS I. R.—Oh, friends of mine, can you not explain so she will believe, how England overruns my fair land with cruel soldiers and criminal BLACK and TANS—how her great armies with gas tanks, machine guns, and all the implements of modern warfare, hunt down my brave boys, “on the run,” one by one, and without charge or trial dispatch them to prison or eternity? Can you not explain how in the long past her unjust laws have bred discontent and poverty among my children and how now—in this present hour—her one intent is to massacre, to the last man, my brave people; reporting to the world, through her paid press, that the patriotic sons of Ireland seeking to defend their country’s rights and the lives and virtue of their helpless women are MURDER GANGS who kill innocent British Officers of law and order, and force crown troops to carry out British reprisals.

CHORUS—We can explain.

BOSTON TEA PARTY MOTHER—In the days leading to ’76 we, too, suffered. I am the mother of an unnamed hero, one who, because he could not, in conscience, obey the unjust taxation laws of England, disguised himself as an Indian and went down with fellow volunteers to the tea-ship lying in the Boston harbor and helped to throw its cargo into the sea.

WIFE—Our people called that act the “Boston Tea Party.”* Columbia, you remember the Boston Tea Party? Not a man, woman or child in Boston who did not know the men that defied Britain’s unjust law, but none would tell, though many suffered, were punished even by death, for keeping the secret.

SISTER—British troops made house to house search in some of the outlying districts that night, but failed to find a single rebel “Indian.” There were a few scattered Tories in our neighborhood and because of these spies my brave brother slept far from home for many nights following the Boston Tea Party.

My mother and I spent that anxious time in prayer, asking God to protect him and his fellow Volunteers.

MISS COLUMBIA—Oh! my heroic children, not a false word have you uttered. The story of the Boston Tea Party is deeply engraven on my heart.

* See Note on page 18.

MRS. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—And even in that day England tried to subsidize our press. Do you not remember what a great struggle my husband had to get the truth out to the scattered colonists against the lies circulated from Boston Castle? England took money from us not only by unjust taxation, but by direct robbing and looting of our homes and shops, only to pay it out to her loyal Tories that they might distribute false bulletins among the brave rebels. These bulletins were re-published abroad and made my husband's work in Europe a difficult task, indeed. In Ireland, only, was it easy for him to reach the ear of the people. He was given an immediate and generous hearing in the Irish Parliament in College Green, Dublin, and this big-hearted and brave people pledged their help, in money and in men, to our struggling colonists. My husband ever held his plea before the Irish people as a heartening inspiration to our cause.

'Tis a pity—a great pity—that when Ireland's noble sons now come to seek like assistance from us, we turn a deaf ear to their story.

MISS COLUMBIA—Ah! I begin to understand how it is with this stranger.

MRS. SAMUEL ADAMS—You call her stranger? Neither she nor her story is stranger to me. I know so well what she means when she speaks of her boys "On the Run Being Hunted Down One By One." My husband, Samuel Adams, was what the Irish would say a boy "On the Run." Leading spirit that he was among the volunteers, England called him Rebel Leader and as such placed a price upon his head alive or dead. She charged him with crime. Is it crime to be loyal to one's native land? She wished to drag him away from his fellows, over to England, to try him there. Well we know that when an exile is tried in an English Court neither mercy nor justice peeks in on the proceedings, so the volunteer boys determined their leader should not go, and, God bless the boys, though the troops were after him from Boston to Lexington and on to Concord town, he did not go.

MRS. JOHN HANCOCK—No; nor did they catch my husband, who was "on the run" with him. England thought because we had wealth and standing in our day, she could intimidate him by threatening destruction of his property, but my husband, John Hancock, goes down in history as living up to his words uttered in Faneuil Hall: "I should be willing to spend my fortune and life itself in so good a cause." He lived to see the good cause triumph; our colonies divorced from that mother-country which had long since ceased to act as mother.

MRS. SAMUEL ADAMS—One night when our boys were "on the run," the brave volunteers were on the watch-out lest the British soldiers catch them unawares. You have heard the story of that night in April, 1775, when Paul Revere rode to inform their defenders that the Red Coats were coming.

Come hither, sprite, and tell the tale once more!

Small child recites "Ride of Paul Revere."*

ETHAN ALLEN'S DAUGHTER FRANCES—Dost mark the words, oh, fair Columbia, and in this present hour when a little suffering sister republic pleads with you for that recognition which would lend to her heroic struggle for independence great moral force, can you not call again upon your people to "waken and listen to hear the midnight message of Paul Revere"?

WOMEN OF MINUTE MEN—(Who strive to explain the phrase "murder gangs" to Miss Columbia).

* See Note on page 20.

MOTHER—You hear her (pointing to Republic of Ireland) tell you that England calls the brave Irish volunteers who strive to defend the government established by the people, for the people, and of the people, MURDER GANGS. Have you forgotten the MURDER GANG of our time—the greatest gang the world has ever known?

SISTER—Yes, and the shots they fired were “heard ’round the world.”

WIFE—You did not look on our boys as MURDER GANGS—you called them—

CHORUS (three ladies)—The Minute Men!!!

MOTHER—And, can’t you remember how brave we women were in helping them to load their guns and in bidding them God-speed as they hurried from our doors to wait behind fences to pepper the Red Coats as they came.

SISTER—And, Oh, how they peppered them! On the following morn the road was full of dead “officers of law and order.”

WIFE—Let me ask you, Columbia, is it fair for us to speak glowingly of our volunteers as MINUTE MEN and foully of Irish volunteers as MURDER GANGS?

(MISS IRISH REPUBLIC covers her face as if thinking.)

MISS COLUMBIA—’Twould be best if my press ceased to call them that.

CHORUS (Ladies of Revolution)—It would, indeed! It would, indeed!

(MISS IRISH REPUBLIC seems to take heart at sound of chorus.)

MISS COLUMBIA—Explain to me something about these reprisals. I do not know about them.

MRS. VICTIM AND CHILD—Then, have you forgotten me, Columbia? Forgotten me and my murdered child? We slept that night long ago in the quiet Cherry Valley—our men folks were away in Washington’s army trying to free us from British oppression, but the powerful enemy had fed up the savage Indians with fire-water all through that day, and in the dead of night we heard their drunken war-whoop as they bore down upon the valley, on the helpless women and children left at home. We peeked out the door to see blazing torches and in their flare tomahawks lifted high in air. My child and I crouched back in our little cabin, praying to the God of Mercy to protect us that night. Oh, Columbia, did you not hear our groans when the drunken savages entered our home and struck my child and me a deadly blow? Have you forgotten us so soon, so soon, so soon?

MISS COLUMBIA—But they have no drunken savages in Ireland.

MISS I. R. (Leans forward and whispers)—Oh, yes, the Black and Tans.

MISS COLUMBIA—And surely British soldiers would not do these things!

VICTIM FROM WAR OF 1812 (our second war fought with England)
—Oh, Miss Columbia, it was not the savage, drunken Indian that

struck the blow in my time. Have you forgotten the infamous General Cockburn, who burned and slaughtered as he marched through Virginia and the Carolinas? Yea, burned helpless victims in their beds. I should know, for I am one of them. 'Tis hard to think that you have so soon forgotten me.*

The women folk who tried to carry me from my bed were shot down by British bullets fired by British soldiers. Not drunken savages, but British officers of "law and order," set fire to the house in which I lay pinioned. And O Columbia! Even now I heard you say you do not understand anything about British reprisals. Then I am forgotten.

MISS COLUMBIA wipes away a tear, lovingly strokes Victim of British Reprisals, and says:

MISS COLUMBIA—No, I have not forgotten you, my children, and I understand.

Little Jack Tory pulls John Bull out, and he creeps back of the Ladies toward Miss Columbia.

MRS. JAMES MADISON (Catching sight of John Bull and casting unfavorable glances in his direction)—'Tis well we force you to remember these things, fair Columbia; forgetfulness of them would spell your ruin.

Already cunning Tory fingers are blotting what they dare not erase from your school histories. The young generation is growing up without learning these facts, and, without such knowledge, how are they to cling loyally to the true spirit of Americanism, that is—absolute freedom from the domination of England?

You have heard the sad recital of individual sorrows caused by British reprisals, but surely your mind sweeps back to that August day, 1814, when the same Cockburn, joined by General Ross, marched on Washington. The first shot fired on them from a window of a house along the road was answered in the usual British way: every member within that house was put to the sword by General Ross and the house itself destroyed by fire. From that point they swept the city with flames, as they have done in this present time in the city of Cork. I well remember my own effort to save the life-like painting of the "Father of Our Country," and the heroic efforts made by my husband, James Madison, to preserve precious documents.

With the memory of Washington afire before your mind, is it not easy for you to picture the devastation British officers have wrought in the stricken country of Ireland?

MISS COLUMBIA—It is quite easy now to picture her distress.

MRS. THOMAS JEFFERSON—Knowest thou this pen, Columbia? With it was written the famous Declaration of Independence. My husband, Thomas Jefferson, and his comrades knew well the brutality of British rule and all the cunning of British diplomacy. Long years after he penned the Declaration, he wrote again these truthful words:* "We concur in considering the government of England as totally without morality, insolvent beyond bearing, inflated with vanity and ambition, aiming at the exclusive dominion of the seas, lost in corruption and deep rooted hatred towards us, hostile to liberty wherever it endeavors to show its head, and the eternal disturber of the peace of the world." Come, Young America, and let thy country feel again the spirit of that July 4th, 1776.

Enter young girl, who recites "The Liberty Bell."*

MRS. JOHN ADAMS—British cables and British newspapers have

* See Note on pages 22 and 23.

been quite successful in keeping the news from you and from other free nations of the earth about Ireland's struggle for freedom. You remember, however, how my husband, John Adams, while we were striving for our recognition among the free nations, had to overcome British falsehood and deceit by going himself at great peril to European capitols, announcing in speech what he could not send in writing?

Fair Columbia, the second president of the Irish Republic, Eamon DeValera, soldier, statesman, scholar and patriot that he is, has dared many perils to bring to our people by word of mouth the story of his country's woes. He has travelled from city to city over our land implanting his message with lasting effect in millions of your children's hearts.

Just as my husband's efforts brought fruit in our time, so may his now bring proper results in the present day. Scoffed and scorned as a British rebel by England, my husband was still able to win the hearts of the people and out of his efforts, as well as the efforts of his fellow volunteers, our liberty was born.

Should you not, then, in fairness, give to the message of Eamon DeValera your earnest and just consideration?

MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON—Fair Columbia, I am the wife of him whom you call your greatest son—George Washington—the first president of these United States, and titled by the people "Father of His Country."

Today, fair Columbia, the cunning British government would carve the form of George Washington in marble and give it place among the British statesmen in Westminster, but in the days of '76 that same government would carve his living flesh with bayonets, shouting the while in fiendish glee: "So perish every British rebel!"

In justice to the cause of liberty, I am here to recall to your mind that the first president of the Irish Republic, Padraic Pearse, lies buried in English quicklime. His crime is identical with the crime of my husband—'tis the crime of unselfish devotion to his country.

MISS COLUMBIA (turning to the Irish Republic)—Ah! now I understand. Treated in all things as were we, you have determined, at any cost, to throw off the shackles of British domination, declaring yourself the Re-pub—

At this point JOHN BULL nudges Miss Columbia; his shadow falling upon her.

MISS COLUMBIA checks her expression at the word "Republic" and continues hesitatingly—

Y-o-u a-r-e a British Dependency—a colony of Great Britain—and the matter between you and England is not exactly like our own. It might better be considered a domestic question, and, as such, must be left entirely to Great Britain's sense of justice.

MISS COLUMBIA turns her head away from the Irish Republic and the Women of the Revolution weep.

MISS FRANCE hurries in across the stage.

MISS FRANCE—We did not consider your struggle with England a domestic question. We gave you that moral strength which now this new republic prays, namely—recognition. Both you and I owe this fair country gratitude; both you and I have left our pledges to her unredeemed. I have not now the strength to assist her as I had to assist you in your hour of greatest need; but, great and powerful Columbia, if you will but lead the way, I shall be brave to follow after.*

* See Note on page 22.

JOHN BULL steps closer to Columbia. She feels again the influence of his shadow. She smiles toward the Republic of France and warns—"We must not interfere."

MISS COLUMBIA marches off the stage.

WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION and 1812 show signs of weeping and distress.

CURTAIN

SCENE II.

MISS I. R. (Alone with Liberty)—The great shadow of falsehood and cunning has fallen on truth. Columbia will not heed my cry for help. Oh, Lady! What shall I do?

LIBERTY (Consoles by saying)—Take heart anew. You still may call on justice. The Spirit of Justice will hear your cry. Lo, he comes, he comes.

The sound of Yankee Doodle and in comes rollicking, happy UNCLE SAM, pulling his long gray whiskers and dancing to the tune of Yankee Doodle. His first impulse is to take the hand of Miss Irish Republic in warm, strengthening grasp. He walks toward her and she, with hopeful expectancy, steps forth to be recognized.

MISS I. R.—I see you know me.

UNCLE SAM (gushingly)—Know you? Why, of course, I know you, old girl. Know you? Why, I have known you ever since I was born. George Washington told me all about you. George was a fine British rebel, George was. (Chuckles and gives Miss I. R. a little familiar tap.)

MISS I. R.—And did my sons not help him in his struggle.

UNCLE SAM—Yes, indeed, Yes indeed. They gave him powerful help in the days of '76. Let me see. There were thirteen of your boys acting as generals in his army.

MISS I. R.—And were there none of mine to help him on the high seas?

UNCLE SAM—Yes, indeed, That Wexford lad of yours, Jack Barry,* beat the British all to pieces on the high seas. The boys of '76 were mighty proud of Jack Barry; They christened him "The Father of the American navy."

MISS I. R. (eagerly)—And do they call him that now?

UNCLE SAM—Don't know whether we call him by that name nowadays or not.

MISS I. R.—Then you know me.

UNCLE SAM—Of course I know you. And, then there's Woodrow. He thought about you before he sent my boys to the fight overseas. God knows you have been oppressed long enough, and I was glad for your sake in April, 1917, when I heard Woodrow's voice sounding like a megaphone to the uttermost corners of the earth, "We enter this war to make the world safe for democracy and to free oppressed small nations everywhere. We enter this was to overthrow militarism and end all war forever, bringing to all peoples the lasting enjoyment of peace."

* See Note on page 24.

Yes, yes, Woodrow's fourteen points sounded good to me. I called my boys together. Everyone of them was glad and willing to go "Over There" to straighten things out for you as well as Belgium.

Yes, I know you. You are the REPUB—

At this point JOHN BULL passes directly behind Uncle Sam; his shadow falls across Uncle Sam, whose manners change as did Miss Columbia's. Uncle Sam extends his hand more slowly and hesitatingly says—

You're the British colony of Ireland, are you not?

MISS I. R.—No, no, I am not that! I am not that! I am not that! Call me by my right name. Oh, just power among the nations, have the bravery to call me by my right name, and it will give me strength and aid beyond your believing.

JOHN BULL'S shadow still falls on Uncle Sam.

UNCLE SAM (As if contradicting his own noble inclination) says—
Well, that's the only name I know, British Colony of Ireland. I'm sorry if it's not the right one, but it's the best I can give you. Good day, madam.

Off whistles UNCLE SAM.

CURTAIN

SCENE III.

MISS I. R. (Weeping at the feet of Liberty)—Alone! Alone! Alone!
The same dread shadow has fallen athwart justice.

LIBERTY—Despair not. Though truth and justice have failed, yet there is mercy. I hear her coming.

SPIRIT OF RED CROSS approaches, calling in a soft, tender tone—
Who is it that needs me? I hear the sound of weeping and I come with speed and help wherever suffering calls.

MISS I. R. (raising her head)—Then you will give help to me? Who are you, kind lady?

SPIRIT OF THE RED CROSS—I am the spirit of the Red Cross. My message is ever the message of mercy. My hands are bounteously laden with help and comfort for the needy. I go wherever the voice of affliction calls. In war's red path I follow to nurse the wounded, to bury the dead, and to comfort the living that mourn. In the lonesome peace that follows war I strive ever to comfort the comfortless and to give helpful service to those boys who have come back sick or wounded.

I gather together money and willing workers that I may be able in times of peril and disaster to lend prompt and efficient aid.

I have no thought of nation or creed, but in the name of humanity I bestow my blessing on all that suffer. Men call me "the Greatest Mother in the World."

MISS I. R. (rising)—Strange if you be that spirit of mercy, you have never come to offer help to me.

SPIRIT OF RED CROSS—Who are you, my child, and do you suffer?

MISS I. R.—Indeed I suffer. (Enter young girl, who reads for Miss Red Cross letter received from lady in Ireland.*) (Any letter giving latest news from Ireland may be used). That is but a glimpse of my suffering. For centuries I have suffered and I have called for help to every nation in the world. Oh! Spirit of the Red Cross, my men are brave; my women are pure and brave like unto my men; my very children strive to assist their struggling country by deeds of valor.

An unjust and powerful enemy has taken possession of my land. Because he has strength and wealth and great brutality he overcomes my every attempt at freedom.

My bravest sons in April, 1916, headed a rising, and, like to the Minute Men of Boston, they peppered the "red-coats" in O'Connell street in Dublin. Since that latest glorious attempt to shake off the British yoke, soldiers and savages let loose from England have ravaged my land and murdered my people. Despite all this, the bravery of my people has not diminished and they still stand united in their desire for a government of the people, for the people and by the people. Oh! Lady of Mercy I am that Government; I am the Republic of Ireland.

RED CROSS seems inclined to help her—moved by her story. Shadow of JOHN BULL draws near. His shadow falls athwart Red Cross. Her attitude changes.

SPIRIT OF RED CROSS—I think I can not help you. Your case falls under the care of the British Red Cross.

M\$SS I. R.—O add not insult to injury! What have I to crave of the British Red Cross? The British Red Cross lends its aid to my murderers! But you have vast wealth and willing hands without number.

SPIRIT OF RED CROSS—Yes, I have, it is true, but these are for suffering countries.

MISS I. R.—And do you not, then, think I am a suffering country?

SPIRIT OF RED CROSS—I mean Czecho-Slovakia and Roumania, Servia, Poland and poor little Belgium—poor, little, tortured Belgium. The Huns have done such deadly work in Belgium.

MISS I. R.—The Huns in Belgium? No, the real Huns are in my land. But you come not, Oh, Spirit of the Red Cross, to see the havoc they work there. You are still busy doing deeds of mercy in Belgium, but you step not your foot on my shores, though your presence there would practically end my suffering.

The hypocrite who piously called your attention to the atrocities committed in war's red heat by another nation, would fear to let you witness the ten times deadlier crimes he, himself, is committing in poor, little, tortured Ireland.

Here the SPIRIT OF THE RED CROSS, horrified, reaches out to Miss Irish Republic as if inclined to do her bidding. John Bull draws closer to her. Her manner changes.

SPIRIT OF RED CROSS—No, I can not offer to help you.

MISS I. R.—And have you not a dollar for me? Not one dollar and not a worker, and will you not come to staunch the life blood of my sons or save my starving children? Will you not try to save my mothers that are being shot down ere their babies have come unto the light of day?

* See Note on page 26.

JOHN BULL draws nearer.

SPIRIT OF RED CROSS—No, I have not a single dollar, not a single worker for you. I am sorry, but this one call for mercy I dare not heed.

RED CROSS marches from stage as if distressed.

MISS I. R. (Alone with Liberty)—Why dare she not help me? The same shadow that has darkened truth and justice has also come between me and mercy's tender spirit. There is no mercy where my fate is concerned.

Little ANGEL WHITE CROSS enters quietly, makes her way to the disconsolate Irish Republic and in tender, loving fashion, begins—Oh, tortured Irish Republic, I am so sorry for you. I know how much you are suffering. I wish I could give you all the help you need, but I am weak, I am small, I am very young. I have neither great wealth nor many workers to do for you those deeds of mercy which should be done, but I am trying hard to grow big and strong and I believe I soon shall have enough wealth to give you comforting aid. Already I have started my works of mercy in your land and out from the great city of Chicago will soon go much money and many workers to comfort your distress. I am most sorry for your starving children; of these I think day and night and I call upon the mothers all over this generous land of America to have pity on them.

People of every nation and of every creed are coming to know about you and your suffering and to understand that the Red Cross is not offering you any assistance and these good people everywhere will give to me that I may give to you—brave, tortured Republic of Ireland.

MISS IRISH REPUBLIC smiles a smile of gratitude.

Little ANGEL WHITE CROSS kisses her.

CURTAIN.

SCENE IV.

MISS IRISH REPUBLIC (Walking back and forth across stage).—As my brave son, Eamonn De Valera says: "I can be patient, I can endure, I can suffer but I can not win my liberty if none will offer help."

LIBERTY—Oh! Be not uncomforted. Surely there is help for thee somewhere. We still have brave hope to call upon. Hark! Hopeful sounds approach.

Sound of music.

Enter YANKS, singing "We Won't Come Back Till It's Over, Over There," parading by Liberty and Irish Republic, then, standing at attention, soldiers salute Liberty and then turn to Miss Irish Republic, offering her the same salute. Her whole attitude changes. A smile comes upon her face.

MISS I. R.—You know me, then?

SOLDIERS (in chorus)—Yes, we know you and salute you. You are the Republic of Ireland.

MISS I. R.—I am. I am. 'Tis the first time I have been called by my right name. Oh! can you not help me? My task is great, indeed, and the despot's heel is crushing out the life of my children.

SOLDIER—Have you explained your plight to Uncle Sam?

MISS I. R.—I have tried to.

SOLDIERS (In chorus)—And what has he promised to do?

MISS I. R.—He has promised me nothing.

SOLDIER—Nothing!

SOLDIER—Uncle Sam turned you down?

SOLDIER—Impossible!

SOLDIER—Uncle Sam turned you down. That's a mistake, that's a mistake.

SOLDIER—Why, Uncle Sam is the best fellow that ever stepped in shoe leather.

SOLDIER—Why, HE'S JUSTICE PERSONIFIED.

SOLDIER—And, say, he can feel for you alright. He's gone through the same bitter ordeal himself.

SOLDIER—Yes, not once, but twice.

MISS I. R.—That's what I cannot make him understand! I can not make him understand that my cause is identical with his own. A shadow falls ever between him and me.

SOLDIERS (In chorus)—Well, we can make him understand. Why, we'll tell him.

MISS I. R.—Oh, boys, do tell him; do make him understand. Unless your great nation offers help, I perish, and militarism—not militarism alone—but absolute savagery supplants the world's civilization.

SOLDIER—No, you don't perish. We fought a great war to make the world safe for democracy, and I guess Ireland is in the world, isn't it, and that means that it's got to be kept safe for democracy.

SOLDIERS (In chorus)—Call Uncle Sam.

BUGLE notes sound to call Uncle Sam.

Re-enter Uncle Sam.

UNCLE SAM—Well, boys, what can I do for you.

SOLDIERS—Why, Uncle Sam, we just want you to live up to your promise. That's all, and you're just enough for that, aren't you?

UNCLE SAM—What's my promise, boys? What's my promise?

FIRST SOLDIER—Why, you promised us that if we entered this war, the world would be made safe for democracy.

SOLDIER—We want democracy to be safe in Ireland.

SOLDIER—Ninety percent of the people have voted for a republic "Over There." Let them have it. Let them have it.

UNCLE SAM pulls his beard and looks a bit puzzled.

SOLDIER—And didn't you promise, Uncle Sam, that this war was to put an end to militarism?

UNCLE SAM—I sure did, boys. I sure did.

SOLDIER—Then why is English militarism allowed to continue in Ireland?

UNCLE SAM—That's a domestic question, boys. We must not butt in.

SOLDIER—Oh, no you don't Uncle Sam. Be just, now, and fearless, too. We'll not take that for an answer, Uncle Sam.

SOLDIER—It was more of a domestic question when you sent us "Over There." It was a regular family row—two cousins at each other's throat, but you butted in and many of your boys, thousands of them have never come back from "Over There."

UNCLE SAM looks thoughtful.

SPIRIT OF DEAD BOYS passing, in ghost fashion, across stage.

SPIRIT OF DEAD BOYS (In hollow voice)—No, Uncle Sam, many of us boys have died on foreign fields because you mixed up in a royal family row, but our spirit calls on God to witness the words you spoke when you bade us cross the seas to enter that fight. From the great spirit world we now charge you, Uncle Sam, to keep your promise to this little oppressed nation and to the whole wide world.

UNCLE SAM—What would you have me do, oh, Spirit of my Dead Boys? Would you have me send the living again into the maelstrom of war?

SPIRIT OF DEAD BOYS—No! No! No! We entered the great fight and sacrificed our lives to put an end to war forever and forever.

SOLDIERS (In chorus)—That's it, Uncle Sam. That's it. No more war for us.

SPIRIT OF DEAD BOYS walks off the stage.

UNCLE SAM—What shall I do, boys? It's up to you to tell me.

SOLDIER—Uncle Sam, it takes money and men to make war. England has both and she is using both to massacre Ireland and to retard the progress of the whole world's civilization, spending a million a day and using 200,000 men or more for purposes of destruction and slaughter.

UNCLE SAM—What shall I do, boys? After all, you're the ones to please, you're the ones that suffered, you're the ones that paid the price. Tell me what to do.

SOLDIER—It's as easy as rolling off a log, Uncle Sam. First, salute the Lady. You have done the same act to other countries in her plight eleven times before.

UNCLE SAM—Just as you want it, boys. I salute thee, Republic of Ireland. (Pleasing commotion among soldiers, in chorus they shout: 'At a boy! 'At a boy! etc.) Uncle Sam turns and helps Irish Republic to seat at right of Liberty. Columbia appears taking her seat on other side of Liberty and the two Republics grasp hands in friendliness, smiled on by Liberty.

Is that all you want me to do, boys? (Uncle Sam, moves up stage, boys circling round him).

SOLDIER—No, there's a few more things, Uncle Sam, so that militarism may perish from the earth. Call back your loan to England. She's using your good money for foul purposes. Finance no more Brixton or Balbriggan tragedies for any land under the sun. The world is sick of Black and Tan butchery and the dead flesh of it, as the English Labor party says, "stinks in the nostrils of the world."

SOLDIER—Mothers everywhere are praying for the dawn of peace. Peace can not come while Tories run the press of other nations. Bid these Tories take hands off YOUR press, Uncle Sam. HAVE AN AMERICAN PRESS FOR AN AMERICAN PEOPLE and then what Thomas Jefferson calls "the eternal disturber of the peace of the world" can not soon again upset the peace of our fair country.

Enter, gradually, all Ladies of Revolution, etc.

UNCLE SAM—Very well, I'll have Warren G. Harding carry out your wishes to the letter as soon as possible; and, now boys, let's sing! The entire Chorus breaks out in "The Star Spangled Banner."

THE BOSTON TEA-PARTY

A. D. 1773

By George Bancroft

(From "Great Events by Famous Historians")

On Sunday, November 28th, the ship "Dartmouth" appeared in Boston Harbor with one hundred fourteen chests of the East India Company's tea. To keep the Sabbath strictly was the New England usage. But hours were precious; let the tea be entered, and it would be beyond the power of the consignees to send it back. The selectmen held one meeting by day and another in the evening, but they sought in vain for the consignees, who had taken sanctuary in the CASTLE.

The committee of correspondence was more efficient. They met also on Sunday, and obtained from the Quaker Rotch, who owned the "Dartmouth," a promise not to enter his ship till Tuesday; and authorized Samuel Adams to invite the committees of the five surrounding towns, Dorchester, Roxbury, Brookline, Cambridge, and Charleston, with their own townsmen and those of Boston, to hold a mass meeting the next morning. Faneuil Hall could not contain the people that poured in on Monday. The concourse was the largest ever known. Adjourning to "the Old South" Meeting-house, Jonathan Williams DID NOT FEAR TO ACT AS MODERATOR, NOR SAMUEL ADAMS, HANCOCK, MOLINEUX, AND WARREN TO CONDUCT THE BUSINESS OF THE MEETING. On the motion of Samuel Adams, who entered fully into the question, the assembly, composed of upward of five thousand persons, resolved unanimously that "the tea should be sent back to the place from whence it came at all events, and that no duty should be paid on it." "The only way to get rid of it," said Young, "is to throw it overboard." The wrath of the meeting was kindling, when the Sheriff of Suffolk entered with a proclamation from the Governor, "warning, exhorting, and requiring them, and each of them there unlawfully assembled, forthwith to disperse, and to surcease all further unlawful proceedings, at their utmost peril." The words were received with hisses, derision, and a unanimous vote not to disperse. "Will it be safe for the consignees to appear in the meeting?" asked Copley; and all with one voice responded that they might safely come and return; but they refused to appear. In the afternoon Rotch, the owner, and Hall, the master, of the Dartmouth, yielding to an irresistible impulse, engaged that the tea should return as it came, without touching land or paying a duty. Similar promises were exacted of the owners of the other tea-ships whose arrival was daily expected. In this way "it was thought the matter would have ended." "I SHOULD BE WILLING TO SPEND MY FORTUNE AND MY LIFE ITSELF IN SO GOOD A CAUSE," said Hancock, and this sentiment was general; they all voted "to carry their resolutions into effect at the risk of their lives and property."

On Saturday, the 11th, Rotch, the owner of the "Dartmouth," is summoned before the Boston committee with Samuel Adams in the chair, and asked why he has not kept his engagement to take his vessel and the tea back to London within twenty days of its arrival. He pleaded that it was out of his power. "The ship must go," was the answer; "the people of Boston and the neighboring towns absolutely require and expect it," and they bade him ask for a clearance and pass, with proper witnesses of his demand. "Were it mine," said a leading merchant, "I would certainly send it back." Hutchinson acquainted Admiral Montagu with what was passing; on which the "Active" and the "Kingfisher," though they had been laid up for the

winter, were sent to guard the passages out of the harbor. At the same time orders were given by the Governor to load guns at the Castle, so that no vessel, except coasters, might go to sea without a permit. He had no thought of what was to happen; the wealth of Hancock, Phillips, Rowe, Dennie and so many other men of property seemed to him a security against violence; and he flattered himself that he had increased the perplexities of the committee."

The decisive day draws nearer and nearer; on the morning of Monday, the 13th, the committees of the five towns are at Faneuil Hall, with that of Boston. Now that danger was really at hand, the men of the little town of Malden offered their blood and their treasure; for that which they once esteemed the MOTHER-COUNTRY HAD LOST THE TENDERNESS OF A PARENT AND BECOME THEIR GREAT OPPRESSOR. "WE TRUST IN GOD," wrote the men of Lexington, "THAT SHOULD THE STATE OF OUR AFFAIRS REQUIRE IT, WE SHALL BE READY TO SACRIFICE OUR ESTATES AND EVERYTHING DEAR IN LIFE, YEA, AND LIFE ITSELF, IN SUPPORT OF THE COMMON CAUSE."

The line of policy adopted was, if possible, to get the tea carried back to London uninjured in the vessel in which it came. A meeting of the people on Tuesday afternoon directed and, as it were, "compelled" Rotch, the owner of the "Dartmouth," to apply for a clearance. He did so, accompanied by Kent, Samuel Adams and eight others as witnesses. The collector was at his lodgings, and refused to answer till the next morning; the assemblage, on their part, adjourned to Thursday, the 16th, the last of the twenty days before it would become legal for the revenue officers to take possession of the ship and so land the teas at the CASTLE.

At ten o'clock on the 15th, Rotch was escorted by his witnesses to the custom-house, where the collector and comptroller unequivocally and finally refused to grant his ship a clearance till it should be discharged of the teas.

Hutchinson began to clutch at victory; "for," said he, "it is notorious the ship cannot pass the Castle without a permit from me, and that I shall refuse." On that day the people of Fitchburg pledged their word "never to be wanting according to their small ability"; for "they had indeed an ambition to be known to the world and to posterity as friends to liberty." The men of Gloucester also expressed their joy at Boston's glorious opposition, cried with one voice that "no tea subject to a duty should be landed" in their town, and held themselves ready for the last appeal.

The morning of Thursday, December 16, 1773, dawned upon Boston, a day by far the most momentous in its annals. Beware, little town; count the cost, and know well, IF YOU DARE DEFY THE WRATH OF GREAT BRITAIN, AND IF YOU LOVE EXILE AND POVERTY AND DEATH RATHER THAN SUBMISSION. The town of Portsmouth held its meeting on that morning, and, with six only protesting, its people adopted the principles of Philadelphia, appointed their committee of correspondence, and resolved to make common cause with the colonies. At ten o'clock the people of Boston, with at least two thousand men from the country, assembled in the Old South.

The Governor had stolen away to his country house at Milton. Bidding Rotch make all haste, the meeting adjourned to three in the afternoon. At that hour Rotch had not returned. It was incidentally voted, as other towns had already done, to abstain totally from the use of tea; and every town was advised to appoint its committee of inspection, to prevent the detested tea from coming within any of them. Then, since the Governor might refuse his pass, the momentous question recurred, "Whether it be the sense and determination of this

suffering the tea to be landed." On this question Samuel Adams and Young addressed the meeting, which was become far the most numerous ever held in Boston, embracing seven thousand men. "Now that the hand is to the plough there must be no looking back" and the whole assembly of seven thousand voted unanimously that the tea should not be landed.

It had been dark for more than an hour. The church in which they met was dimly lighted, when at a quarter before six Rotch appeared, and satisfied the people by relating that the Governor had refused him a pass, because his ship was not properly cleared. As soon as he had finished his report, Samuel Adams rose and gave the word: "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country." On the instant a shout was heard at the porch; a war-whoop resounded; a body of men, forty or fifty in number, disguised as Indians, passed by the door and, encouraged by Samuel Adams, Hancock and others, repaired to Griffin's wharf, posted guards to prevent the intrusion of spies, took possession of the three tea-ships, and in about three hours three hundred forty chests of tea, being the whole quantity that had been imported, were emptied into the bay without the least injury to other property.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five:
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend—"If the British march
By land or sea from the town tonight,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry-arch
Of the North-Church tower, as a signal light—
One if by land, and two if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex, village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said good-night, and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war:
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon, like a prison-bar,
And a huge, black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.
Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack-door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,

To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade—
Up the light ladder, slender and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the quiet town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard lay the dead
In their night encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still,
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread
The watchful night-wind as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay—
A line of black, that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats. -

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred with a heavy stride,
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed on the landscape far and near,
Then impetuous stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely, and spectral, and sombre, and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height,
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns.

A hurry of hoofs in a village-street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

It was twelve by the village-clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town,
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river-fog
That rises when the sun goes down.
It was one by the village-clock,
When he rode into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swing in the moonlight as he passed,

And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came by the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown,
And one was safe and asleep in his bed,
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.
So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex, village and farm—
A cry of defiance, and not of fear—
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo for evermore!

For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness, and peril, and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beat of that steed,
And the midnight-message of Paul Revere.

WAR OF 1812, GENERAL COCKBURN'S ARMY

(From Barnes' School History.)

In the spring the British began devastating the Southern coast. Admiral Cockburn, especially, disgraced the British navy by conduct worse than that of Cornwallis in the Revolution. Along the Virginia and Carolina coast he burned bridges, farmhouses, and villages; robbed the inhabitants of their crops, stock, and slaves; plundered churches of their communion services; and murdered the sick in their beds.

AN UNREDEEMED PLEDGE

(Sent by Franklin from France to "the Good People of Ireland,"
October 4, 1878)

"The misery and distress which your ill-fated country has been so frequently exposed to and has so often experienced by such a combination of rapine, treachery and violence, as would have disgraced the name of government in the most arbitrary country of the world, has most sincerely affected your friends in America, and has engaged the most serious attention of Congress.

"I have in my commission to repeat to you, my good friends, the cordial concern that Congress takes in everything that relates to the happiness of Ireland; they are sensibly affected by the load of oppressive pensions on your establishment; the arbitrary and illegal exactions of public money by King's letters; the profuse dissipation by sinecure appointments with large salaries; and the very arbitrary and impolitic restrictions of your trade and manufacturers, which are beyond example in the history of the world. . . .

"We congratulate you, however, on the bright prospect which the western hemisphere has afforded to you and the oppressed of every nation, and we trust that the liberation of your country has been effected in America, and that you never will be called on for those painful necessary exertions which the sacred love of liberty inspires and which have enabled us to establish our freedom forever. . . . But if the government whom you at this time acknowledge does not, in conformity to her own true interest, take off and remove every restraint on your trade, commerce and manufactures, I am charged to assure you that means will be found to establish your freedom, in the fullest and amplest manner. And, as it is the ardent wish of America to promote, as far as her other engagements will permit, a reciprocal commercial interest with you, I am to assure you they will seek every means to establish and extend it; and it has given the most sensible pleasure to have those instructions to my care, as I have ever retained the most perfect good will and esteem for the people of Ireland."

—(Thomas Jefferson in letter to Thomas Liper, June 12th, 1815.)

THE LIBERTY BELL

There was tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town
And the streets were rife with people,
Pacing restless up and down.
People gathering at corners,
Where they whispered each to each
And the sweat stood on their temples
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents,
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the state house,
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut,
Was turbulent with sound.
"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
"Oh, God grant they wont refuse."
"Make some way there!" "Let me nearer!"
"I am stifling!" "Stifle, then!"
When a nation's life's at hazard,
We've no time to think of men."

So they beat against the portal,
Man and woman, maid and child;
And the July sun in heaven,
On the scene looked down and smiled.
The same sun that saw the Spartan

Shed his patriot blood in vain,
Now, beheld the soul of freedom,
All unconquered, rise again.

See! See! The dense crowd quivers,
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal,
Looked forth to give the sign.
With his little hands uplifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonation
Breaks his young voice on the air.

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
List the boy's exultant cry:
"Ring!" he shouts, "Ring Grandpa!
Ring! Oh, ring for Liberty!"
Quickly at the given signal
The bell man raised his hand,
Forth he sent the good news
Making iron music throughout the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calm gliding Delaware.
How the bonfires and the torches,
Lighted up the night's repose,
And from the flames, like fabled Phoenix,
Our glorious Liberty arose.

That old State House bell is silent,
Hushed is now its clamorous tongue,
But the spirit it awakened
Still is living, ever young.
And when we greet the smiling sunlight,
On the Fourth of each July,
We will not forget the bell-man,
Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rang out loudly, "Independence!"
Which, please God, shall never die!

COMMODORE JACK BARRY

Combine From Encyclopedia and
McCarthy's School History

John Barry, Captain in the United States Navy, born at Tacumshane, County Wexford, Ireland, in 1745; died at Philadelphia, 13th September, 1803. At an early age Barry went to sea. He arrived at Philadelphia when he was fifteen years old, and made that city his home to the time of his death. He was employed in the West Indian trade and commanded several vessels until December, 1774, when he sailed from Philadelphia as captain of a fine large ship, "The Black Prince," bound for Bristol, England, returning to Philadelphia 13th October, 1775, the day the Continental Congress, then in session there, authorized the purchase of two armed vessels for the beginning of the Continental Navy. Barry immediately volunteered his services, and he was assigned to the command of the first vessel purchased, the

"Lexington." His commission was dated 7th December, 1775, the first issued by the Marine Committee of the Continental Congress.

Early in 1776 Captain Barry and his cruiser the "Lexington" left the capes of the Delaware. In a spirited action of an hour, on the 6th of April following, he took the "Edward," an armed tender. With his damaged prize he eluded the British warships in the Delaware and safely arrived in Philadelphia. The "Edward" was the first vessel captured by a commissioned officer of the United States.

In the "Lexington," Barry captured several other ships of the enemy; he then returned to Philadelphia, where he superintended the building of warships. His success led to his appointment as commander of the "Effingham," a frigate whose construction he was directing. While waiting for its completion, in 1777, he performed an extraordinary exploit.

Noticing in the Delaware, below Philadelphia, a large schooner flying the British flag and attended by four armed transports loaded with supplies for the enemy, Barry manned four rowboats and silently drifted down stream. At night with muffled oarlocks they passed the guarded river front and at daybreak were alongside the armed schooner. Before the British were aware of the approach of an enemy, Barry, armed with pistol and cutlass, was clambering over the vessel's side, his gallant band behind him. Throwing down their arms, the astonished British fled below, where they were fastened under the hatches.

Those on the transports were ordered by Barry to surrender or be sunk. They had no choice. In sight of a heavily armed British warship he then took his five prizes into Fort Penn, turning the transports over to its commander. Then the hatches were unfastened and the prisoners ordered on deck. Barry and his twenty-seven sailors had captured six officers and one hundred and thirty armed men. Speaking of this exploit the historian Frost says: "For boldness of design and dexterity of execution it was not surpassed during the war." Washington publicly thanked Barry and his men for their extraordinary achievement.

After the British took Philadelphia they succeeded in destroying the EFFINGHAM. Barry was next appointed to the command of the ALLIANCE, the finest vessel of the Continental navy. In 1781 this ship fought and defeated in a single engagement the ATALANTA and the TREPASSY. So severe was the fighting, which lasted from daybreak till evening, that the three ships were badly damaged and Barry was wounded. Another double victory was gained over the MARS and the MINERVA. Besides these four vessels and their officers, the ALLIANCE took more than four hundred prisoners. Later she also captured the ALERT. On another voyage the ALLIANCE made nine important prizes, sending five home and disposing of four in France.

In March, 1783, Barry left Havana in the ALLIANCE with the DUC DE LAUZUN. Both ships were carrying for the United States government a large amount of gold and silver. They were attacked by the SYBILLE, followed at short distance by two other English warships. Before their arrival the SYBILLE had put up a signal of distress. Though a French warship had come up, she took no part in the engagement, but her presence gave confidence to Barry. This was the last fight of the Revolution, for peace was declared April 11, 1783.

LETTER FROM THE NOTED WRITER,
GERALDINE PENROSE FITZGERALD

I was delighted and proud to see my name in your lecture list of those who love Ireland; indeed I do love her, and wish I could do one half as much as the other honored names have done.**

The latest cruel order is this: General Strickland, of course at the bidding of Carson, has ordered that the curfew is to begin in Ireland at five o'clock on Saturdays and Sundays. Fancy no one to stir out after five o'clock!—the time the poor shop assistants, who are shut up all day, have to get the fresh air.

I have just been to Cork visiting some of the poor people. Imagine what it is for a man with six or seven sons, high-spirited boys, all to be shut in one or at most two rooms, with the mother dandling a crying baby, and ordered not to leave under pain of being shot dead. The boys accustomed to be out all day long, now with hardly standing room from five o'clock until the next morning and nothing on earth to do except look at their poor ruined town and the ashes of their late home. It is driving the people just stark, staring mad. Cork is one huge jail, and soon it will be one huge lunatic asylum. I suppose this is what Carson wants and this is diabolical cruelty such as the worst savages never invented.

I spoke to a number of residents in Cork today (January 27th, 1921), and they all agreed that this was quite the worst thing that England had done to Ireland yet. You may recover money, you may rebuild houses, but you cannot restore reason to the insane. The unfortunate people cannot even put their heads out the window after five o'clock or they will be shot at once. Saturday and Sunday were quite hot, soft, balmy days, when ordinarily the whole of Cork would be out getting the air until quite late. It was a full moon and the atmosphere like summer. Consider a large family stuffed in a small tenement room at five o'clock when it was quite broad daylight—the boys and girls cooped up like hens in a roost. Two girls were already ill, and a little boy, four years old, half paralyzed since the night of the great fire. He got such a terror on him that it paralyzed him, although he was very strong before and running about with rosy cheeks. Now he has to be carried everywhere by his sisters or brothers.

We are praying and imploring God to send some one to help us before we are all driven mad. They must be quick, though, as a few more Saturdays and Sundays will finish thousands. Of course the law does not apply to Queenstown as yet, but we never know when it may come. It is without exception the most fiendish cruelty the mind of man ever devised. The doctors, most Protestant Unionists, condemn the cruelty and say that its effects will be disastrous beyond what any one can imagine. First: They burn our beautiful towns down, then they force us to sit locked up in some wretched garret where we had to flee from our ruined homes to now contemplate the wrecks of all we once held dear. We are still looking to America to rise up and help us.

Make our terrible plight in Cork known throughout the United States! Tell every one England has outdone herself in barbarism and the effects are appalling!

Do help us or it will be too late.

Extract from Dr. Cotter's Lecture on—SPIRIT OF LIBERTY

******The volunteers of Ireland, working not for wages but for pure love of country, are the only preservers of law and order in Ireland. They have resolved to bite the dust rather than kiss it—to die fighting for freedom rather than live ignobly as serfs.

"Molded in Colossal Calm" the volunteers, very angels of liberty, as they are the only band in the wide world inspired by pious patriotism, will never, never submit to the savage invader. On their marvelous patience, England's mad purpose will split. "The Soldier's Song" chants the chivalrous and daring intent of Ireland's Republican Army:

"Sworn to be free, no more our ancient sire-land
Shall shelter the despot or the slave."

"You cannot destroy the radiant spirit of Irish liberty; England has used all her war equipment, backed by unbridled madmen, against it, has failed, destroyed her own honor in the failure and skulked away to hide her shame in the Citadel of Calumny, her Parliament. Yes, tyranny may murder the mothers of Erin, as it did Mrs. Quinn of Kiltartan (the while humanity protects the very birds of the air in their brooding season), but the spirit of freedom will immortalize the mother and make the children left behind vow new vows that the martyr's memory may not perish from grateful hearts. Tyranny may gloat over the burning towns of Ireland, as Nero did over Rome, but tyranny cannot, dare not, burn, no nor scorch, the spirit of liberty that reanimating the nation will build again the town as an expression of freemen's enterprise as well as a lasting reminder of the murderous destroyer.

"Despotism may hunt to the hills the homeless, but the fine spirit of freedom is before them there, breathing its native mountain air. Cruelty may feed its cemeteries, but at the brink of the grave the breath of freedom's spirit grows warmer with a new prayer, for the dead rise again. The bullet was never made that can pierce Irish freedom; the rope was never woven that can strangle its present aspirations. Dark is Rosaleen today, but she will come out from eclipse all the brighter, despite the drunken deviltries of the Black and Tan that have so blackened England and so tanned her history that all the seas her fleets sail over cannot whiten the one or wash clean the other.

"You cannot break the spirit of a nation that can parent men like MacSwiney, who beat an empire panoplied in steel. You cannot break the spirit of a nation that parented boys like Kevin Barry, who could not be bribed from fidelity to his country through the offering of his life enriched by fortune. You cannot break the spirit of a nation that has daughters like Miss Mary MacSwiney, the Countess Markievicz, Mrs. Pearse, Miss Geraldine Penrose Fitzgerald or Miss Madge Daly. No, the spirit of Ireland will never, never perish; it is as immortal as man's soul."

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA



3 0112 072378596